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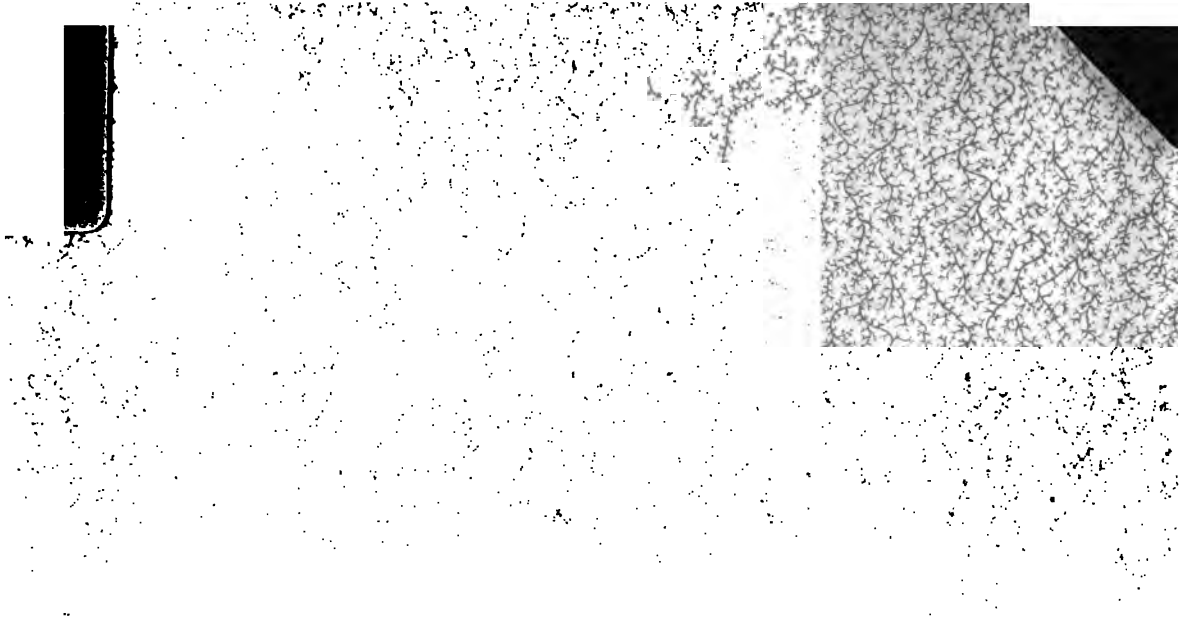

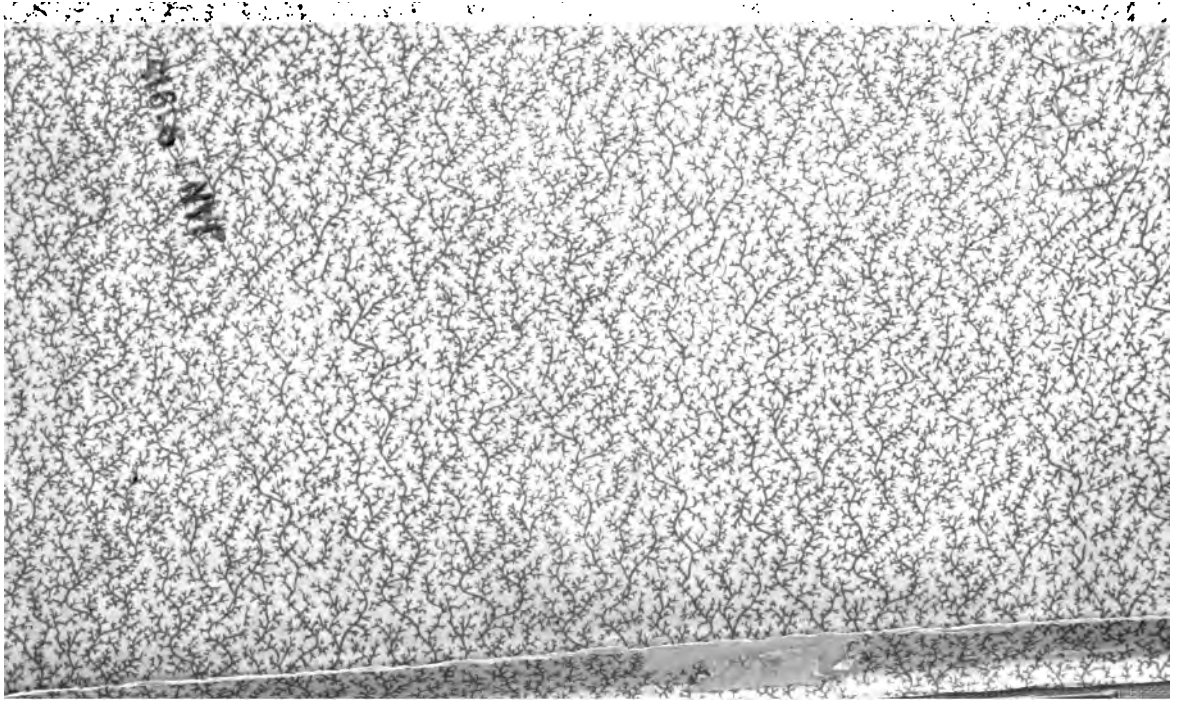

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WORKS

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MDCCLI.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING HIS

MORAL ESSAYS.

LONDON,
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AN

ESSAY

ON

SATIRE,

Occaſioned by the Death of

Mr POPE.

Inſcribed to

Mr WARBURTON.

By J. BROWN, A. M.

IBM-NA
NYIC
NEW YORK

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PART I.

FATE gave the Word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOUR's and BRITAIN's Heart:
YOU mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rouz'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And Snake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;

You viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright Aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep Deſign,
And pour new Luſtre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues;
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th'unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

In ev'ry Breaſt there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
The Paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt wooe,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great,
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Scepter and the Spade.

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:

But Man, vain Man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Subſtance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the viſionary Prize,
In queſt of Glory plunges deep in Vice;
'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praiſe he pants to gain.

Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.

And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is *perverted Shame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable Fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;

Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for Shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The Dæmon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold, yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.

Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]

Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
Il iroit embraſſer la Verité, qu'il voit;
Mais de ſes faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.

BOILEAU, Ep. iii.

Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte *Lucretia*'s Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful Voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry Foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the *clouded cane:*

Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From poys'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the Skies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a *ruling paſſion* on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From poys'nous Vice, etc*] Alluding to theſe Lines of Mr Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art ſo ſubtly true
From poys'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?

Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is ſpleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend:
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:

To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit ſatire moſt;
Folly the *Laureat*'s, Vice was *Chartres*' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal,
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.

But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhow their Teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame!

Fell Raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn!

And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its Poyſon in thy heart.

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd Victim ſhall be led:
Lo, *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this tittering crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefather's muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a Fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:

Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the Language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth You ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the Storm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.

Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.

Tho' diſtant Times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *preſent Age*:
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain*'s Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.

Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:

In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip —, her Grace a —:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *Irony*'s tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaſte.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tyger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what Meaſures to each Theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.

In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive King — of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid:
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe ſhameleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and publick Truſt are ſold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the Foundation of a ſinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſe-hoods to invade the Skies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:

On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when *Virtue*, *Learning*, *Arts* decline,
She joys to ſee *unconquer'd* Merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's Day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue, but his own:
Hears unſtain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for YOU.

But tread with cautious ſtep this dang'rous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:

Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine*;
The Poet can but *ſet it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.
Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the Landſkip may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey* or a *Cromwel* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry Colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' Ages thus hath SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBICK dart[a].
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS[b] drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

NOTES.

[a] Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. HOR.

[b] Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa. Juv. S. i.

Then ſportive HORACE[e] caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ply, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtick PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd corruption with a calm diſdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

NOTES.

[e] Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſis populum ſuſpendere naſo. PERS. S. i.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!* — pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy flacken'd bow!
'Tis done — See, great ERASMUS breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was proſe:

He 'midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well reſum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere *Britain* ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtick, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing.*"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee.
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low-creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:

Unrival'd Parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy *France*: immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one*:
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind!

By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinion ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's Glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee,
That Guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

TO

H. St JOHN L. BOLINGBROKE.

ERRATA.

Page 45 ℣ 265 *for* penty *r.* plenty
46 l. 1 *after* paſſion *dele the* comma
52 l. 6 *for* parts *r.* part
78 not. on ℣ 79 l. 3 *for* paraphraſis *r.* periphraſis
83 not. l. 3 *for* ſearching *r.* ſearching
95 not. from *Longinus* l. 1 *for* ὑψηγορίας *r.* ὑψηγορίας
105 Quotation from *Horace* l. 2 *for* laſſis *r.* laſſas
167 not. on ℣ 219, 220 col. 1. l. ult. *for* with *r.* without

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and, I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true, I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandring from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

AN

ESSAY on MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. St John, Lord *Bolingbroke.*

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things,* ℣ 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown,* ℣ 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future

events, and partly upon the hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends,* ✝ 77, &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations,* ✝ 109, &c. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ✝ 131, &c. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable,* ✝ 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties,* ✝ 207. VIII. *How much farther this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed,* ✝ 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride, *of ſuch a deſire,* ✝ 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, ✝ 281, &c. *to the end.*

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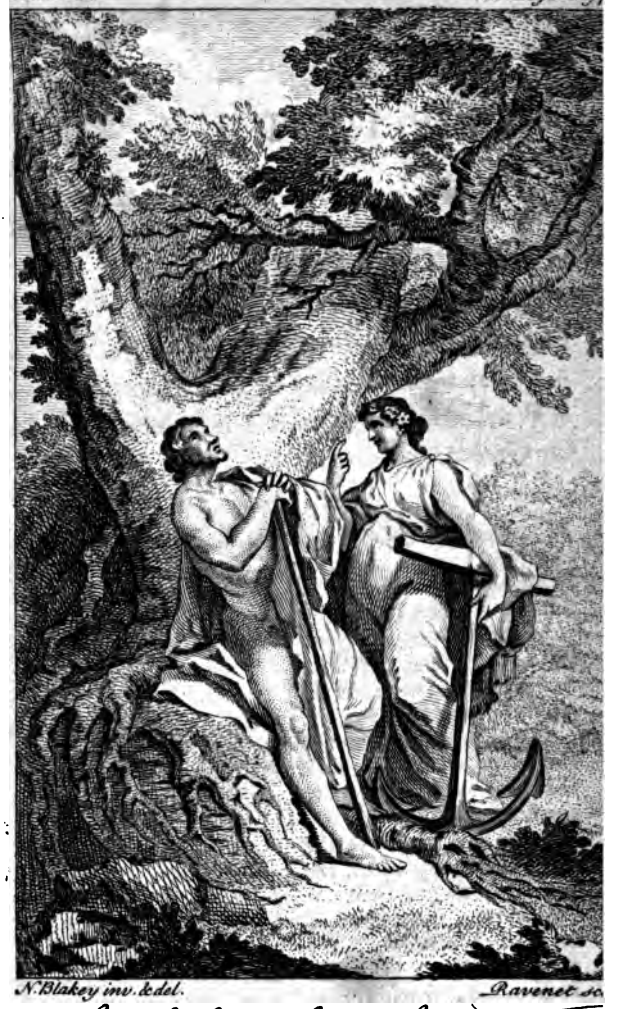

N. Blakey inv. & del. *Ravenet sc.*

HOPE humbly then; with trembling Pinions soa
Wait the great teacher Death; and God ador

Essay on Man

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

NOTES.

The Opening of this poem, in fifteen lines, is taken up in giving an account of the Subject; which, agreeably to the title, is an ESSAY on MAN, or a Philoſophical Enquiry into his *Nature* and *End*, his *Paſſions* and *Purſuits*.

The Exordium relates to the whole work, of which the *Eſſay on Man* was only the firſt book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the ſubjects of this *Eſſay*, viz. the general Order and Deſign of Providence; the Conſtitution of the human Mind; the origin, uſe, and end, of the Paſſions and Affections, both ſelfiſh and ſocial; and the wrong purſuits of Power, Pleaſure, and Happineſs. The 10th, 11th, 12th, &c. have relation to the ſubjects of the books intended to follow, *viz.* the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Learning and Ignorance. The 13th and 14th, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the age.

VER. 7, 8. *A Wild,—Or Garden,*] The *Wild* relates to the human *paſſions*, productive (as he explains in the ſecond epiſtle) both of good and evil. The *Garden*, to human *reaſon*, ſo often *tempting* us to tranſgreſs the bounds God has ſet to it, and wander in fruitleſs enquiries.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Of all who blindly creep, &c.*] *i. e.* Thoſe who only follow the blind guidance of their Paſſions; or thoſe who leave behind them common ſenſe and ſober reaſon, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphyſics. Both which follies are expoſed in the fourth epiſtle, where the popular and philoſophical errors concerning Happineſs are ſpoken of. The figure here is taken from animal life.

VER. 15. *Laugh where we muſt, &c.*] Intimating that human *follies* are ſo ſtrangely abſurd and ridiculous, that it is not in the power of the moſt *compaſſionate*, on ſome occaſions, to reſtrain their mirth: And that human *crimes* are ſo flagitious, that the moſt *candid* have ſeldom an opportunity, on this ſubject, to exerciſe their virtue.

VER. 19, 20.
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?]
The ſenſe is, *we ſee nothing of Man, but as he ſtands at*

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other Planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

NOTES.

preſent in his ſtation here: From which ſtation, all our reaſonings on his nature and end muſt be drawn; and to this ſtation they muſt be all referred. The conſequence is, all our reaſonings on his *nature* and *end* muſt needs be very imperfect.

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, &c.*] *Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per Proprietates ſuas & Attributa, & per ſapientiſſimas & optimas rerum ſtructuras & cauſas finales.* Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.

VER. 30. *The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,*] The thought is very noble, and expreſſed with great philoſophic beauty and exactneſs. The ſyſtem of the Univerſe is a combination of *natural* and *moral* Fitneſſes, as the human ſyſtem is of *body* and *ſpirit*. By the *ſtrong connections*, therefore, the Poet alluded to the *natural* part; and by the *nice dependencies* to the *moral*. For the *Eſſay on Man* is not a ſyſtem of *Naturaliſm*, but of *natural Religion*. Hence it is, that, where he ſuppoſes diſorders may tend to ſome

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Notes.

greater good in the *natural* world, he ſuppoſes they may tend likewiſe to ſome greater good in the *moral*, as appears from theſe ſublime images in the following lines,

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loſe to ſcourge mankind?

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can it's end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions ỳ 64.

Now wears a garland an Ægyptian God.

After ỳ 68. the following lines in firſt Ed.

If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matters ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Who ſees with equal eye, &c.*] Mat. x. 29.

Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;

VARIATIONS.

In the firſt Fol. and Quarto, ℣ 93.

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

NOTES.

VER. 97.—*from home,*] By theſe words, it was the poet's purpoſe to teach, that the preſent life is only a ſtate of probation for another, more ſuitable to the eſſence of the ſoul, and to the free exerciſe of it's qualities.

Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 108. in the firſt Ed.

But does he ſay the maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;

NOTES.

VER. 123. *In Pride, &c.*] Arnobius has paſſed the ſame cenſure on theſe very follies, which he ſuppoſes to ariſe from the cauſe here aſſigned.—*Nihil eſt quod nos fallat, nihil quod nobis polliceatur ſpes caſſas (id quod nobis a quibuſdam dicitur viris immoderata ſui opinione ſublatis) animas immortales eſſe, Deo, rerum ac principi, gradu proximas dignitatis, genitore illo ac patre prolatas, divinas, ſapientes, doctas, neque ulla corporis attrectatione contiguas.* Adverſus gentes.

VER. 131. *Aſk for what end, &c.*] If there be any fault in theſe lines, it is not in the general ſentiment, but a want of exactneſs in expreſſing it.—It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-ſtool*, his *canopy the Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his uſe; yet not ſo, to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end.

" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe, renew,
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates, &c.*] " While " comets move in very ec- " centric orbs, in all man- " ner of poſitions, blind " Fate could never make all " the planets move one and " the ſame way in orbs con- " centric; ſome inconſider- " able irregularities except- " ed, which may have riſen " from the mutual actions " of comets and planets up- " on one another, and which " will be apt to increaſe, " 'till this ſyſtem wants a " reformation." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Queſt. ult.*

As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

NOTES.

VER. 169. *But* ALL *ſubſiſts, &c.*] See this ſubject extended in Ep. ii. from ℣ 90 to 112, 155, *&c.* P.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in it's own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;

Notes.

Ver. 174. *And little leſs than Angel, &c.*] *Thou haſt made him a little lower than the Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour.* Pſalm viii. 9.

Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, &c.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated. P.

No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear,
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

NOTES.

VER. 202. *Stunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,*] This inſtance is poetical and even ſublime, but miſplaced. He is arguing philoſophically in a caſe that required him to employ the *real* objects of ſenſe only: And, what is worſe, he ſpeaks of this as a *real* object. — *If* NATURE *thunder'd*, &c. The caſe is different where (in ℣ 253) he ſpeaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the ſublime Imagery of *ruling Angels*: For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is real *motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *muſic of the ſpheres*, there was no real ſound, which his argument could not do without.

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier;
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!

Notes.

Ver. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the deſerts of Africa is this: At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal. P.

Ver. 224. *For ever ſep'rate, &c.*] *Near*, by the

Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide:
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?

NOTES.

ſimilitude of the operations; *ſeparate*, by the immenſe difference in the nature of the powers.

VER. 226. *What thin partitions, &c.*] So *thin*, that the Atheiſtic philoſophers, as Protagoras, held that *thought was only ſenſe*; and from thence concluded, that *every imagination or opinion of every man was true*: Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής. But the poet determines more philoſophically; that they are really and eſſentially different, how *thin* ſoever the partition is by which they are *divided*. Thus (to illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation) when a geometer conſiders a triangle, in order to demonſtrate the equality of it's three angles to two right ones, he has the picture or image of ſome ſenſible triangle in his mind, which is *ſenſe*; yet notwithſtanding, he muſt needs have the notion or idea of an intellectual triangle likewiſe, which is *thought*; for this plain reaſon, becauſe every image or picture of a triangle muſt needs be obtuſangular, or rectangular, or acutangular; but that which, in his mind, is the ſubject of his propoſition is the *ratio* of a triangle, undetermined to any of theſe ſpecies. On this account it was that Ariſtotle ſaid, Νοήματα τινὰ διαφέρει, τῷ μὴ φαντάσματα εἶναι, ἢ ὁδὲ ταῦτα φαντάσματα, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄνευ φαντασμάτων. *The conceptions of the mind differ ſomewhat from ſenſible images; they are not ſenſible images, and yet not quite free or diſengaged from ſenſible images.*

The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1ſt.

Ethereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man.

NOTES.

VER. 243. *Or in the full creation leave a void, &c.*] This is only an illuſtration, alluding to the Peripatetic *plenum* and *vacuum*; the *full* and *void* here meant, relating not to Matter, but to Life.

VER. 247. *And, if each ſyſtem in gradation* roll] The

The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?

NOTES.

verb alludes to the *motion* of the planetary bodies of each ſyſtem; and to the *figures* deſcribed by that motion.

VER. 251. *Let Earth unbalanc'd*] *i. e.* Being no longer kept within it's orbit by the different directions of it's progreſſive and attractive motions; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibre.

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels, &c.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uſes an advantage, which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his Eſſay had afforded him; and that is the expreſſing himſelf (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpoſe, are highly poetical, at the ſame time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reaſoning.

VER. 259. *What if the foot, &c.*] This fine illuſtration in defence of the *Syſtem of Nature*, is taken from St *Paul*, who employed it to defend the *Syſtem of Grace*.

What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;

NOTES.

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, &c.*] See the Proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv. P.

VER. 266. *The great directing* MIND, *&c.*] *Veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium. Deus enim ſine dominio, providentia, & cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam* FATUM *&* NATURA. Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.

VER. 268. *Whoſe body Nature is, &c*] A certain examiner remarks, on this line, that "A Spinoziſt "would expreſs himſelf in "this Manner." I believe he would, and ſo, we know, would St Paul too, when writing on the ſame ſubject, namely the omnipreſence of God in his Providence, and in his Subſtance. *In him we live, and move, and have our being*; *i. e.* we are parts of him, *his offspring*, as the Greek poet, a pantheiſt quoted by the Apoſtle, obſerves: And the reaſon is, becauſe a religious theiſt, and an impious pantheiſt, both profeſs to believe the omnipreſence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr Pope does, call God *the great directing Mind of all*, who hath intentionally created a perfect Univerſe? Or would a Spinoziſt have told us,

The workman from the work diſtinct was known,

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame; 270

NOTES.

a line that overturns all Spinoziſm from it's very foundations.

But this ſublime deſcription of the Godhead contains not only the *divinity* of St Paul; but, if that will not ſatisfy the men he writes againſt, the *philoſophy* likewiſe of Sir Iſaac Newton.

The poet ſays,

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul,
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent.

The Philoſopher: — *In ipſo continentur & moventur univerſa, ſed abſque mutua paſſione. Deus nihil patitur ex corporum motibus; illa nullam ſentiunt reſiſtentiam ex omnipræſentia Dei.—Corpore omni & figura corporea deſtituitur.—Omnia regit & omnia cogneſcit.—Cum unaquæque Spatii particula ſit ſemper, & unumquodque Durationis indiviſibile momentum, ubique, certe rerum omnium Fabricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nuſquam.*

Mr Pope:

Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,

Notes.

Sir Iſaac Newton:—*Annon ex phænomenis conſtat eſſe entem incorporeum, viventem, intelligentem, omnipræſentem, qui in ſpatio infinito, tanquam ſenſorio ſuo, res ipſas intime cernat, penituſque perſpiciat, totaſque intra ſe præſens præſentes complectatur.*

But now admitting, for argument's ſake, there was an ambiguity in theſe expreſſions, ſo great, as that a Spinoziſt might employ them to expreſs his own particular principles; and ſuch a thing might well be, becauſe the Spinoziſts, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are uſed to expreſs the Omnipreſence of God in terms that any religious Theiſt might employ. In this caſe, I ſay, how are we to judge of the poet's meaning? Surely by the whole tenor of his argument. Now take the words in the ſenſe of the Spinoziſts, and he is made, in the concluſion of his epiſtle, to overthrow all he has been advancing throughout the body of it: For Spinoziſm is the deſtruction of an Univerſe, where every thing tends, by a foreſeen contrivance in all it's parts, to the perfection of the whole. But allow him to employ the paſſage in the ſenſe of St Paul, *That we and all creatures live, and move, and have our being in God*; and then it will be ſeen to be the moſt logical ſupport of all that had preceded. For the poet having, as we ſay, laboured through his epiſtle to prove, that every thing in the Univerſe tends, by a foreſeen contrivance, and a preſent direction of all it's parts, to the perfection of the whole; it might be objected, that ſuch a diſpoſition of things implying in God a painful, operoſe, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be ſuppoſed that ſuch care extended to *all*, but was confined to the more noble parts of

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns;
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

NOTES.

the creation. This groſs conception of the Firſt Cauſe the poet expoſes, by ſhewing that God is equally and intimately preſent to every particle of Matter, to every ſort of Subſtance, and in every inſtant of Being.

VER. 278. *As the rapt Seraph, &c.*] Alluding to the name *Seraphim*, ſignifying *burners*.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, is RIGHT.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with reſpect to* Himſelf, *as an Individual.*

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties,* ℣ 1 *to* 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, ℣ 19, &c. II. *The two Principles of Man,* Self-love *and* Reaſon, *both neceſſary,* ℣ 53, &c. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why,* ℣ 67, &c. *Their end the ſame,* ℣ 81, &c. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe,* ℣ 93 to 130. *The* predominant Paſſion, *and it's force,* ℣ 132 to 160. *It's Neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes,* ℣ 165, &c. *It's providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue,* ℣ 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reaſon, ℣ 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it,* ℣ 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections,* ℣ 238, &c. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of Men, ℣ 241. *How uſeful they are to* Society, ℣ 251. *And to the* Individuals, ℣ 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life,* ℣ 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan;
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt.

The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

NOTES.

VER. 2. *The proper ſtudy, &c.*] The poet having ſhewn, in the *firſt* epiſtle, that the *Ways of God* are too high for our comprehenſion, rightly draws this concluſion: and methodically makes it the ſubject of his Introduction to the *ſecond*, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

VER. 3. *Plac'd on this iſthmus, &c.*] As the poet hath given us this deſcription of man for the very contrary purpoſe to which *Sceptics* are wont to employ ſuch kind of paintings, namely not to deter men from the *ſearch*, but to excite them to the *diſcovery* of truth; he hath, with great judgment, repreſented Man as doubting and wavering between the *right* and *wrong* object; from which ſtate there are great hopes he may be relieved by a careful and circumſpect uſe of Reaſon. On the contrary, had he ſuppoſed Man ſo blind as to be

IX. Vol. III. facing p. 26.

ey inv.t & delin. 1748. Ravenet Sculp.

Love still stronger, as it's Objects nigh,
m's at distance, and in Prospect lie;
ees immediate Good, by present Sense,
n the future, and the Consequence.

Essay on Man. Ep. II.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

NOTES.

buſied in chuſing, or doubtful in his choice, between two objects *equally wrong*, the caſe had appeared deſperate, and all *ſtudy of Man* had been effectually diſcouraged.

VER. 10. *Born but to die, &c.*] The author's meaning is, that, as we are *born to die*, and yet enjoy ſome ſmall portion of life; ſo, though we *reaſon to err*, yet we comprehend ſome few truths. This is the weak ſtate of Reaſon, in which Error mixes itſelf with all it's true concluſions concerning Man's Nature.

VER. 11. *Alike in ignorance, &c.*] *i. e.* The proper ſphere of his Reaſon is ſo narrow, and the exerciſe of it ſo nice, that the too immoderate uſe of it is attended with the ſame ignorance that proceeds from the not uſing it at all. Yet, tho' in both theſe caſes, he is *abuſed by himſelf*, he has it ſtill in his own power to *diſabuſe himſelf*, in making his Paſſions ſubſervient to the *means*, and regulating his Reaſon by the *end* of Life.

Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Scienc
guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;

Variations.

After ẏ 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a Maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
Till ſet on end and married to his mind.
Go, reaſoning Thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, &c.——

Notes.

Ver. 20. *Go, meaſure earth, &c.*] Alluding to the noble and uſeful project of the modern Mathematici-

Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old time, and teach the Sun his Way.

NOTES.

ans, to meaſure a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to Aſtronomy and Navigation.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Iſaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the poſition of the colures of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an Ape.
Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who ſaw it's fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. Ed. 1ſt.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

NOTES.

VER. 37. *Who ſaw it's fires here riſe, &c.*] Sir Iſaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in it's deſcent to, and aſcent from, the Sun, conjectured, with the higheſt appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in obſerving between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;

Notes.

Ver. 45.——*Vanity, or dreſs,*] Theſe are the firſt parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the Scholar's *equipage of Pride*. By *vanity*, is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expreſſion in which a writer indulges himſelf, to ſhew the fruitfulneſs of his fancy or invention. By *dreſs*, is to be underſtood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamented expreſſion, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the Poet, in a ſevere ſearch after truth, condemns; and with great judgment. Conciſeneſs of thought and ſimplicity of expreſſion, being as well the beſt *inſtruments*, as the beſt *vehicles* of Truth. *Shakeſpear* touches upon this latter advantage with great force and humour. The Flatterer ſays to *Timon* in diſtreſs, "I cannot *cover* "the monſtrous bulk of "their ingratitude, with "any *ſize of words*." The other replies, "Let it go "*naked*, men may ſee't the "better."

Ver. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;*] The *Luxury of Learning* conſiſts in dreſſing up and diſguiſing old notions in a new way, ſo as to make them more faſhionable and palateable; inſtead of examining and ſcrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and ſhew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to ſave pains and labour, it is called *idleneſs*.

Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works it's end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:

Notes.

Ver. 47. *Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the *ſmall quantity of matter*; the *endleſs diviſibility* of it, *&c.*

Ver. 48. *Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;*] That is, when *Admiration* ſets the mind on the rack.

Ver. 49, 50.
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;]
i. e. Thoſe parts of natural Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, *&c.* that adminiſter to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, *&c.*

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.

NOTES.

VER. 74. *Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.*] *i. e.* By *experience* Reaſon collects the *future*; and by *argumentation*, the *conſequence*.

Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled Schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:

Variations.

After Ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

After Ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

Notes.

Ver. 109. *Nor God alone, &c.*] Theſe words are only a ſimple affirmation in the poetic dreſs of a ſimilitude, to this purpoſe: Good is not only produced by the ſubdual of the Paſſions, but by the turbulent exerciſe of them. A truth conveyed under the moſt ſublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only ſhewing the providential iſſue of the Paſſions, and how, by God's gracious diſpoſition, they are turned away from their natural byas, to promote the happineſs of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them, is

Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

NOTES.

only this, that they ſhould not be quite rooted up and deſtroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers in all religions, fooliſhly attempted. For the reſt, he conſtantly repeats this advice,

The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſowr;

NOTES.

VER. 133. *As Man perhaps, &c.*] *Antipater Sidonius Poëta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo conſumptus eſt ſatis longa ſenecta.* Plin. l. vii. N. H. This *Antipater* was in the times of Craſſus, and is celebrated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero.

We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:

Notes.

Ver. 149. *We, wretched ſubjects, &c.*] St Paul himſelf did not chuſe to employ other arguments, when diſpoſed to give us the higheſt idea of the uſefulneſs of Chriſtianity. (*Rom.* vii.) But, it may be, the poet finds a remedy in Natural Religion. Far from it. He here leaves, reaſon unrelieved. What is this then, but an intimation that we ought to ſeek for a cure in that religion, which only dares profeſs to give it?

Ver. 163. *'Tis her's to rectify, &c.*] The meaning of this precept is, That as the ruling Paſſion is implanted by Nature, it is Reaſon's office to regulate,

A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one intereſt body acts with mind.

NOTES.

direct, and reſtrain, but not to overthrow it. To regulate the paſſion of Avarice, for inſtance, into a parſimonious diſpenſation of the public revenues; to direct the paſſion of Love, whoſe object is worth and beauty,

To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair,

τὸ καλόν τ' ἀγαθὸν, as his maſter Plato adviſes; and to reſtrain Spleen to a contempt and hatred of Vice.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Paſſion, Virtue points her Charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk; and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.

VARIATIONS.

For right or wrong have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature moſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What, we reſolve, we can; but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

NOTES.

VER. 203. *This light, &c.*] A Platonic phraſe for Conſcience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conſcience either ſignifies, ſpeculatively, the judgment we paſs of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or elſe it ſignifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought Picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.

Variations.

After ✝ 220. in the 1ſt Edition, followed theſe,

A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

Notes.

of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conſcience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkneſs in this chaos of the paſſions.

But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits, is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by great.

That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.

Notes.

Ver. 253. *Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally The common int'reſt, &c.*] As theſe lines have been miſunderſtood, I ſhall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. To theſe frailties (ſays he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet, when we come to that age, which generally diſpoſes Men to think more ſeriouſly of the true value of things, and conſequently of their proviſion for a future ſtate, the conſideration, that the grounds of thoſe joys, loves, and friendſhips, are wants, frailties, and paſſions, proves the beſt expedient to wean us from the world; a diſengage-

To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And Pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend;

NOTES.

ment ſo friendly to that proviſion we are now making for another. The obſervation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it ſo well confirms, by an inſtance of great moment, the general theſis, *That God makes Ill, at every ſtep, productive of Good.*

See ſome fit Paſſion, ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:

Notes.

Ver. 280. *And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:*] A Satire on what is called in Popery the *Opus operatum*. As this is a deſcription of the circle of human life returning into itſelf by a ſecond childhood, the poet has with great elegance concluded his deſcription with the ſame figure with which he ſet out.

Ver. 286. *And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:*] An eminent Caſuiſt, *Father Francis Garaſſe*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle. *Selon la Juſtice (dit cet equitable Théologien) tout travail honnête doit être recompenſé de loüange ou de ſatisfaction. Quand les bons eſprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils ſont*

Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

Notes.

juſtement recompenſez par les ſuffrages du Public. Quand un pawvre eſprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un mauvais ouvrage, il n'eſt pas juſte ni raiſonable, qu'il attende des loüanges publiques: car elles ne lui ſont pas duës. Mais afin que ſes travaux ne demeurent pas ſans recompenſe, Dieu *lui donne une ſatisfaction perſonelle, que perſonne ne lui peut envier ſans une injuſtice plus que barbare; tout ainſi que Dieu qui eſt juſte donne de la ſatisfaction aux Grenoüilles de leur chant. Autrement le blâme public, joint à leur mécontentement, ſeroit ſuffiſant pour les réduire au deſeſpoir.*

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Society.

I. *THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society,* ℣ 7, *&c. Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, ℣ 27. *The happineſs of* Animals *mutual,* ℣ 49. II. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual,* ℣ 79. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alſo to Society, in all animals,* ℣ 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Inſtinct,* ℣ 115. *How much farther by Reaſon,* ℣ 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State of Nature, 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the invention of* Arts, ℣ 166, *and in the Forms of* Society, ℣ 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies,* ℣ 196. *Origin of Monarchy,* ℣ 207. *Patriarchal government,* ℣ 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the ſame principle of Love,* ℣ 231, &c. *Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame principle, of Fear,* ℣ 237, &c. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *Good,* ℣ 266. *Reſtoration of true Religion and Government on their firſt principle,* ℣ 285. *Mixt Government,* ℣ 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all,* ℣ 300, &c.

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N. Blakey inv. et del. Ravenet sculp.

See some fit Passion every Age supply,—
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Pope on Man. Ep. II.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. in ſeveral Edit. in 4to.
Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe, &c.

WE are now come to the third epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man. It having been ſhewn, in explaining the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions, in the ſecond epiſtle, that Man hath ſocial as well as ſelfiſh paſſions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the ſecond, which conſidered him as an INDIVIDUAL. And as the concluſion from the ſubject of the firſt epiſtle made the introduction to the ſecond, ſo here again, the concluſion of the ſecond

(Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.)

maketh the introduction to the third.

NOTES.

VER. 3. —— *ſuperfluous health,*] Immoderate labour and ſtudy are the great impairers of health: Thoſe, whoſe ſtation ſets them above both, muſt needs

Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

Notes.

have an affluence of health, which not being uſed, but abuſed and ruined by Luxury, the poet properly calls a *ſuperfluity*.

Ver. 4, —*impudence of wealth*,] Becauſe *wealth* pretends to be wiſdom, wit, learning, honeſty, and, in ſhort, all the virtues in their turns.

Ver. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, &c.*] To make Matter ſo cohere as to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its inſenſible parts is as neceſſary as that quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought, our Author ſays, *form'd*; and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd*.

Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all preſerving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Iſaac Newton, is, *Deus omnipræſens eſt, non per virtutem ſolam, ſed etiam per ſubſtantiam: nam virtus ſine ſubſtantia ſubſiſtere non poteſt.* Newt. Princ ſchol. gen. ſub fin.

VER. 23. *Greateſt with the leaſt*;] As acting more ſtrongly and immediately in beaſts, whoſe inſtinct is plainly an external reaſon; which made an old ſchoolman ſay, with great elegance, *Deus eſt anima brutorum:*

In this 'tis God directs—

The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 46. in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

NOTES.

VER. 45.—*See all things for my uſe!*] On the contrary, the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for* HIMSELF. Prov. xvi. 4.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:*] Alluding to the *witty* ſyſtem of that Philoſopher, which made Animals mere Machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure: and ſo encouraged Men in the exerciſe of that *Tyranny* over their fellow-creatures, conſequent on ſuch a principle.

Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?

VARIATIONS.

After ✓ 84. in the MS.

While Man, with opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Than favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed

Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon riſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?

NOTES.

thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P.

Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs;
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:

Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn:
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;

NOTES.

VER. 152. *Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;*] The poet ſtill takes his imagery from Platonic ideas, for the reaſon given above. Plato had ſaid from old tradition, that, during the Golden age, and under the reign of Saturn, the primitive language then

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;

NOTES.

in uſe was common to man and beaſts. Moral philoſophers took this in the popular ſenſe, and ſo invented thoſe fables which give ſpeech to the whole brute-creation. The Naturaliſts underſtood the tradition to ſignify, that, in the firſt ages, Men uſed inarticulate ſounds like beaſts to expreſs their wants and ſenſations; and that it was by ſlow degrees they came to the uſe of ſpeech. This opinion was afterwards held by Lucretius, Diodorus Sic. and Gregory of Nyſſ.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a common practice amongſt Navigators, when thrown upon a deſert coaſt,—and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on theſe without further heſitation.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beaſts, &c.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of Animals diſcovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe of them; and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halieut. lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: "They ſwim on the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, which exactly reſemble the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two feet like maſts, and extend a membrane between, which ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean." P.

" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Editions,

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as Gods adore.

NOTES.

VER. 199. *obſervant Men obey'd;*] The epithet is beautiful, as ſignifying both obedience to the voice of Na-

Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours leagu'd to guard their common ſpot:
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tygers with Tygers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

NOTES.

ture, and attention to the leſſons of the animal creation.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] *i. e.* When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions; the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity.

Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The fame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th'abyss profound,
Or fetch th'aerial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:

NOTES.

VER. 211. *'Twas Virtue only, &c.*] Our author hath good authority, for his account of the origin of kingship. Aristotle assures us of this truth, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: Καθίσταται Βασιλεὺς ἐκ τῶν ἐπιεικῶν καθ' ὑπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς, ἢ πράξεων τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχὴν τοιούτου γένους.

VER. 219. *He from the wond'ring furrow, &c.*] *i. e.* He subdued the intractability of all the *four elements*, and made them subservient to the use of Man.

Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:
E'er Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleaſure, trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov'reign good.

Notes.

Ver. 225. *Then, looking up, &c.*] The poet here maketh their more ſerious attention to Religion to have ariſen, not from their gratitude amidſt abundance, but from their helpleſſneſs in diſtreſs; by ſhewing that, during the former ſtate, they reſted in *ſecond* cauſes, the immediate authors of their bleſſings, *whom they revered as God*; but that, in the other, they reaſoned up to the *Firſt*:

Then, looking up from fire to fire, &c.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a repreſentation of human nature.

Ver 231. *E'er Wit oblique, &c.*] A beautiful alluſion to the effects of the priſmatic glaſs on the rays of light.

True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:

NOTES.

VER. 242. *Th' enormous faith, &c.*] In this Aristotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the first supposeth himself made for the People; the other, that the People are made for him: Βούλεται δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φύλαξ, ὅπως οἱ μὲν κεκτημένοι τὰς οὐσίας μηθὲν ἄδικον πάσχωσιν, ὁ δὲ δῆμος μὴ ὑβρίζηται μηθέν· ἡ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ πρὸς οὐδὲν ἀποβλέπει κοινὸν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ὠφελείας χάριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10.

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th'etherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?

NOTES.

VER. 262.—*and heav'n on pride.*] This might be very well ſaid of thoſe times, when no one was content to go to heaven without being received there on the footing of a God.

How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th'according muſic of a well-mix'd State.

Notes.

Ver. 283. *'Twas then, &c.*] The poet ſeemeth here to mean the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece; and thoſe benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Ariſtotle; who, of all the pagan world, ſpoke beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government.

Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:

NOTES.

VER. 303. *For forms of Government, &c.*] The author of theſe lines was far from meaning that no one form of government is, in itſelf, better than another; (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to abſolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itſelf, can be ſufficient to make a people happy, unleſs it be adminiſtered with integrity. On the contrary, the beſt ſort of Government, when the *form* of it is preſerved, and the *adminiſtration* corrupt, is moſt dangerous. P.

VER. 305. *For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;*] Theſe latter Ages have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous contentions for *modes of Faith*, to the violation of Chriſtian Charity, and diſhonour of ſacred Scripture, that it is not at all ſtrange they ſhould become the object of ſo benevolent and wiſe an Author's reſentment.

In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

NOTES.

But that which he here ſeemed to have more particularly in his eye was the long and miſchievous ſquabble between W——d and JACKSON, on a point confeſſedly above Reaſon, and amongſt thoſe adorable myſteries which it is the honour of our Religion to find unfathomable. In this, by the weight of anſwers and replies, redoubled upon one another without mercy, they made ſo profound a progreſs, that the *One* proved, nothing hindered, in Nature, but that *the Son might have been the Father*; and the *Other*, that nothing hindered, in Grace, but that *the Son may be a mere Creature*. In a word, they made all things diſputable but their own dullneſs; and this they left unqueſtioned; and it was the only thing they did leave, of which their readers could be certain. But if, inſtead of throwing ſo many Greek Fathers at one another's heads, they had but chanced to reflect on the ſenſe of one Greek word, ΑΠΕΙΡΙΑ, that it ſignifies both INFINITY and IGNORANCE, this ſingle *equivocation* might have ſaved them ten thouſand, which they expended in carrying on the controverſy. However thoſe *Miſts that magnified the Scene*, enlarged the Character of the Combatants: and no body expecting *common* ſenſe on a ſubject where we have no ideas, the defects of dulneſs diſappeared, and its advantages (for, advantages it has) were all provided for.

The worſt is, ſuch kind of Writers ſeldom know when to have done. For writing themſelves up into the ſame deluſion with their Readers, they are apt to venture out into the more open paths of Literature, where their reputation, made out of that ſtuff, which Lucian calls ξυλίνους ὀλέκρανους, preſently falls from

All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend. 310

NOTES.

them, and their nakedneſs appears. And thus it fared with our two Worthies. The World, which muſt have always ſomething to amuſe it, was now in good time grown weary of its play-things, and catched at a new object that promiſed them more agreeable entertainment. Tindal, a kind of Baſtard Socrates, had brought our ſpeculations from *Heaven* to *Earth*: and, under the pretence of advancing the Antiquity of Chriſtianity, laboured to undermine its original. This was a controverſy that required another management. Clear ſenſe, ſevere reaſoning, a thorough knowledge of prophane and ſacred Antiquity, and an intimate acquaintance with human Nature, were the qualities to determine upon this Queſtion. A very unpromiſing adventure for theſe metaphyſical nurſlings, bred up under the ſhade of chimeras. Yet they would needs venture out. What they got by it was only to be once well laughed at, and then forgotten. But one odd circumſtance deſerves to be remembered; tho' they wrote not, you may be ſure, in concert, yet each attacked his Adverſary at the ſame time, faſtened upon him in the ſame place, and mumbled him juſt in the ſame manner. But the ill ſucceſs of this eſcape ſoon brought them to themſelves. The One made a fruitleſs effort to revive the old game, in a diſcourſe on *The importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity*; and the Other has been ever ſince, till very lately, rambling in SPACE.

This ſhort hiſtory, as inſignificant as the ſubjects of it are, may not be altogether unuſeful to poſterity. Divines may learn by theſe examples to avoid the miſchiefs done to Religion and

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported liv
The ſtrength he gains is from th'embrace he gi
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul ;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral fr
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

NOTES.

Literature thro' the affectation of being wiſe above what is written, and knowing beyond what underſtood.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with reſpect to* Happineſs.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from* ℣ 19 to 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* ℣ 30. *God intends Happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, ℣ 37. *As it is neceſſary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ℣ 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happineſs among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of* Hope *and* Fear, ℣ 70. III. *What the Happineſs of* Individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* ℣ 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, ℣ 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* ℣ 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ℣ 133, &c. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but*

often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of Virtue, ✝ 165. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, ✝ 183. Honours, ✝ 191. Nobility, ✝ 203. Greatneſs, ✝ 215. Fame, ✝ 235. Superior Talents, ✝ 257, &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all,* ✝ 267, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ✝ 307, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Reſignation *to it here and hereafter,* ✝ 326, &c.

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N. Blakey inv. et del. Ravenet sculp.

Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happyness below.

Essay on Man. Ep. IV.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th'eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs! &c.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happineſs! to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

EP. IV.] THE two foregoing epiſtles having conſidered Man with regard to the *Means* (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society) this laſt comes to conſider him with regard to the *End*, that is, Happineſs.

NOTES.

VER. 6. *O'erlook'd, ſeen double,*] *O'erlook'd* by thoſe who place Happineſs in any thing excluſive of Virtue; *ſeen double* by thoſe who admit any thing elſe to have

Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;

NOTES.

a ſhare with Virtue in procuring Happineſs; theſe being the two general miſtakes that this epiſtle is employed in confuting.

VER. 21. *Some place the bliſs in action,—Some ſunk to Beaſts, &c.*] 1. Thoſe who place Happineſs, or the *ſummum bonum*, in Pleaſure, Ἡδονὴ, ſuch as the Cyrenaic ſect, called on that account the Hedonic. 2. Thoſe who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmneſs of Mind, which they call Εὐθυμία, ſuch as the Democritic ſect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held

Some ſunk to Beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

NOTES.

that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the meaſure of all things*; for that all things which appear to him *are*, and thoſe things which appear not to any Man *are not*; ſo that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whoſe abſolute Doubt is with great judgment ſaid to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the abſolute Truſt of the Protagorean: For the ſame dread of labour attending the ſearch of truth, which makes this latter preſume it to be always at hand, makes the former conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazineſs of the one is deſponding, and the lazineſs of the other ſanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it Happineſs.

VER. 23. *Some ſunk to Beaſts, &c.*] Theſe four lines added in the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſummary of the falſe purſuits after happineſs amongſt the Greek philoſophers.

Remember, Man, " the Univerſal Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 52. in the MS.

Say not, " Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
" And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Order is Heav'n's firſt law;*] *i. e.* The firſt law made by God relates to Order; which is

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay;
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward;
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

NOTES.

a beautiful alluſion to the Scripture hiſtory of the Creation, when God firſt appeaſed the diſorders of Chaos, and ſeparated the light from the darkneſs.

But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.

Notes.

Ver. 79. *Reaſon's whole pleaſure, &c.*] This is a beautiful paraphraſis for Happineſs; for all we feel of good is by *ſenſation* and *reflection*.

Ver. 82. *And Peace, &c.*] *Conſcious* Innocence (ſays the poet) is the only ſource of *internal* Peace; and *known* Innocence, of *external*; therefore, Peace is the ſole iſſue of Virtue; or, in his own emphatic words, *Peace is* all *thy own*; a concluſive obſervation in his argument, which ſtands thus: Is Happineſs rightly placed in Externals? No; for it conſiſts in Health, Peace, and Competence. Health and Competence are the product of Temperance, and Peace of perfect Innocence.

Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th'advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great or rich.

NOTES.

VER. 100. *See* god-like *Turenne*] This epithet has a peculiar juſtneſs; the great man to whom it is applied not being diſtinguiſhed, from other generals, for any of his ſuperior qualities ſo much as for his providential care of thoſe whom he led to war; which was ſo extraordinary, that his chief purpoſe in taking on him-

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeille's good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.

VARIATIONS.

After ẏ 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

NOTES.

ſelf the command of armies, ſeems to have been the Preſervation of Mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more diſtinguiſhably employed throughout the whole courſe of that famous campaign in which he loſt his life.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, &c.*] This laſt inſtance of the poet's illuſtration of the ways of Pro-

We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th'Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?

NOTES.

vidence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient of, his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the author, a perſon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finiſhed, *viz.* 1733.

VER. 121. *Think we, like ſome weak Prince, &c.*] Agreeably hereunto, holy Scripture, in its account of things under the common Providence of Heaven, never repreſents miracles as wrought for the ſake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to ſome of God's extraordinary diſpenſations to Mankind.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of thoſe two great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who both periſhed by too near an approach to Ætna and Veſuvius, while they were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions.

Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 142. in ſome Editions,

Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
What different Syſtems for a Man and Wife?

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"
Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conq'r's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

Weak, fooliſh man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian, &c.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian in Epiſt. i. *ỳ* 99. and ſhewing, that that example was not given to diſcredit any rational hopes of future happineſs but only to reprove the folly of ſeparating them from charity: as when

——Zeal, not Charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by Kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, &c.*] in the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride
As Chriſt-Church once all colleges beſide.

But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcroundels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

NOTES.

Ver. 219. *Heroes are much the ſame, &c.*] This character might have been drawn with much more force; and deſerved the poet's care. But Milton ſupplies what is here wanting.

They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battles win,
Great Cities by aſſault. What do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighb'ring or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving Freedom more
Than thoſe their Conqu'rors; who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy?
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods;
'Till Conqu'ror Death diſcovers them ſcarce Men,
Rolling in brutiſh Vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.

Par. Reg. B. iii.

The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the noble work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;

How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy:
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife:
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!

NOTES.

VER. 281, 283. *If Parts allure thee, — Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford two other ſuch. Bacon diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles, by the aſſiſtance of which Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his thoughts, and the force of his expreſſion: Yet being convicted and puniſhed for bribery and corruption in the adminiſtration of Juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters.

Cromwell ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:

NOTES.

men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times, in which others ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by a ſucceſsful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe.

VER 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name.*] And even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe. —— *Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to I-columbkill*, deſcribing the church there, tells us, that "In one corner is a peculiar incloſure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of Man*. THIS (ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me place, pointing to a plain ſtone) was the monument of the Great TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is *Greatneſs* that has barely left a *name* ſcandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meaneſt of mankind would never envy."

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife.
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:

VARIATIONS.

After ✓ 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And checquers all the good Man's joys with woes,

Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;

VARIATIONS.

'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Theſe lines are extremely finiſhed. In which there is ſuch a ſoothing ſweetneſs in the melancholy harmony of the verſification, as if the poet was then in that tender office in which he was moſt officious, and in which all his Soul came out, the condoling with ſome good man in affliction.

Purſues that Chain which links th'immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine,
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

NOTES.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, &c.*] PLATO, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe. "He whoſe conſcience does not reproach him, has chearful *Hope*, for his companion, and the ſupport and comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great poet, O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he who leads a juſt and holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart with joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his old age. *Hope*, the moſt powerful of the Divinities, in governing the ever-changing and inconſtant temper of mortal men." Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἄδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ πάρεστι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Καριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες, τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτάλλουσα γηροτρόφος συναορεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολύτροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεί. τὸν δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ.

'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;

NOTES.

" He is the good man in
" whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings*
" *eternally*: But to be
" *without hope in the world*
" is the portion of the
" wicked."

The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my friend! &c.*] in the MS. thus,

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a Plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,

NOTES.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! &c.*] This noble Apoſtrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs to his friend, will furniſh a Critic with Examples of every one of thoſe *five* Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Sources, Longinus deduceth the SUBLIME [a].

1. The firſt and chief is *a Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception:*

[a] —πέντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τ' ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιςον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαςικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπλη δὲ μεγέθους αὐτίαι; ἡ συγκλείσσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

VARIATIONS.

While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury and aſſiſt her flight?

NOTES.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,
O Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

2. The *Second*, that *Pathetic Enthuſiaſm*, which, at the ſame Time, melts and inflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe,
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with Eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonance of Figures:

O! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale!

4. A ſplendid Diction:

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;

NOTES.

That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;

5. And *fifthly*, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, | a Weight and Dignity in the Compoſition:

Shew'd erring Pride whatever is, *is* RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, *anſwer* one great AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE *and* SOCIAL *are the* SAME;
That VIRTUE *only makes our* BLISS *below*;
And all our Knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW?

For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.*] in the MS. thus,

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

THE

UNIVERSAL

PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE
Univerſal Prayer.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

COMMENTARY.

Univerſal Prayer.] Concerning this poem, it may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages, in the preceding *Eſſay*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturaliſm*, the author compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his ſyſtem was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety: That the firſt cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the Univerſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Eſſay*) was not meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

COMMENTARY.

with a blind determination; but a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of *Hope* and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the poet choſe for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to this Paraphraſe.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

NOTES.

If I am right, thy grace impart,——
If I am wrong, O teach my heart]

As the *imparting grace* on the chriſtian ſyſtem is a ſtronger exertion of the divine power, than the natural illumination of the heart, one would expect that the requeſt ſhould have been expreſſed reverſely; more aid being required to reſtore men to the *right* than to keep them in it. But as it was the poet's purpoſe to inſinuate that Revelation was the *right*, nothing could better expreſs his purpoſe than the making the *right* ſecured by the guards of *grace*.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At ought thy Wiſdom has deny'd.
Or ought thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
'Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

Several Perſons.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſis onerantibus aures:
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò. HOR.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir *Richard Temple*, Lord *Cobham*.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books *will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own* Experience *singly,* ℣ 1. *General maxims, unless they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional,* ℣ 10. *Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself,* ℣ 15. *Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties,* &c. ℣ 31. *The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of action *in men, to observe by,* ℣ 37, &c. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourselves,* ℣ 41. *Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent,* ℣ 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons,* ℣ 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses*

in the greateſt, ℣ 70, &c. *Nothing conſtant and certain but* God *and* Nature, ℣ 95. *No judging of the* Motives *from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the ſame Motives influencing contrary actions*, ℣ 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* ſtrongeſt actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itſelf, and from* Policy, ℣ 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world*, ℣ 135. *And ſome reaſon for it*, ℣ 140. Education *alters the* Nature, *or at leaſt* Character *of many*, ℣ 149. Actions, Paſſions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles *all ſubject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* ℣ 158 to 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* Ruling Passion: *That will certainly influence all the reſt, and can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actions*, ℣ 175. *Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, ℣ 179. *A caution againſt miſtaking* ſecond qualities *for* firſt, *which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind*, ℣ 210. *Examples of the ſtrength of the* Ruling Paſſion, *and its continuation to the laſt breath*, ℣ 222, &c.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Plate XII. Vol. III. facing p. 16[illegible]

N. Blakey inv.t & del. G. Scotin Sculp.

Boastfull & rough your first Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek and much a Liar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and Brave;
Will sneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding Knave.

Char: of Men.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th'Obſerver's ſake;

NOTES.

VER. 5. *The coxcomb bird, &c.*] A fine turn'd alluſion to what Philoſtratus ſaid of Euxenus, the Tutor of Apollonius, that he could only repeat ſome ſentences of Pythagoras, like thoſe *coxcomb birds*, who were taught their εὖ πράττε and their Ζεὺς ἔλεως, but knew not what they ſignified.

VER. 10. *And yet—Men may be read, as well as Books too much, &c.*] The poet has here covertly deſcrib'd a famous ſyſtem of a *man of the world*, the celebrated *Maxims of M. de la Rochefoucault*, which are one continued *ſatire* on human Nature, and hold much of the ill language of the Parrot: The *reaſon* of the cenſure, our author's ſyſtem of human nature will explain.

To written Wiſdom, as another's leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:

NOTES.

VER. 22. *And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.*] The poet refers here only to the *effects:* In the *Eſſay on Man* he gives both the *efficient* and the *final cauſe:* The Firſt in the third Ep. ℣ 231.

E'er Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light.

For *oblique Wit* is *Opinion.* The other, in the ſecond Ep. ℣ 283.

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Theſe painted clouds that beautify our days, &c.

VER. 26. *It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:*] *i. e.* The Philoſopher may invent a *rational hypotheſis* that ſhall account for the appearances he would inveſtigate; and yet that *hypotheſis* be all the while very wide of *truth* and the *nature of things.*

His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Nor will Life's ſtream for Obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we wou'd make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft, in the Paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;

(So Darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
But theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The Dull, flat Falſhood ſerves, for policy;
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lye:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chace, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,

Save juſt at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Venſon to a Saint without.
Who would not praiſe Patritio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
New-market-fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a groat.

NOTES.

VER. 81. *Patritio*] Lord *G—n.*

VER. 87.—*ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!*] Charron was an admirer of Montagne; had contracted a ſtrict friendſhip with him; and has transferred an infinite number of his thoughts into his famous book *De la Sageſſe*; but his moderating every-where the extravagant Pyrrhoniſm of his friend, is the reaſon why the poet calls him *more ſage Charron.*

A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game,

Notes.

Ver. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath. P.

Ver. 90. *A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. ſuperſtitious in judicial aſtrology, tho' an unbeliever in all religion. P.

Ver 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, reſumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who reſigned the crown, and trying to reaſſume it, was impriſoned till his death. P

Ver. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule, —And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia.

Ver. 95. *Know, God and Nature, &c.*] By *Nature* is not here meant any imaginary ſubſtitute of God, call'd a *Plaſtic nature*; but his *moral laws*: And this obſervation was inſerted with great propriety and diſcretion, in the concluſion of a long detail of the various characters of men: For, from this circumſtance, *Montagne* and others have been bold enough to inſinuate, that

A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the Sage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th'apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! If Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

NOTES.

morality is founded more in cuſtom and faſhion than in the nature of things. The ſpeaking therefore of a moral law of God, as having all the conſtancy and durability of his Eſſence, had an high expediency in this place.

VER. 107. *The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd — Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*] The atrabilaire complexion of Philip II. is well known, but not ſo well that he derived it from his father Charles V. whoſe health the hiſtorians of his life tell us, was frequently diſorder'd by bilious fevers. But what the author meant principally to obſerve here was, that this humour made both theſe princes act contrary to their Character; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a Convent; Philip, who was a man of the Cloſet, when he gave the battle of St Quintin.

Not always actions ſhew the man: We find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.

But grant that Actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them Policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.

Notes.

Ver. 117. *Who reaſons wiſely, &c.*] By *reaſoning* is not here meant *ſpeculating*; but deliberating and reſolving in public counſels; for this inſtance is given as *one*, of a variety of *actions*.

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.
Why riſk the world's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer he was drunk.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129. in the former Editions,

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Alter'd as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. As Cæſar too afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was thought better to make him the ſingle Example.

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.*] Cæſar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: But had his friend aſked him, in his ear, the reaſon of his ſudden retreat from Britain, after ſo many ſignal victories, we have cauſe to ſuſpect, even from his own public relation of that matter, that he would have *whiſper'd he was beat.*

VER. 131. *Why riſque the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharſalia, Cæſar purſued his enemy to Alexandria, where being infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, inſtead of puſhing his advantages, and diſperſing the relicks of the Pharſalian quarrel, having narrowly eſcaped the violence of an enraged people, he brought upon himſelf an unneceſſary war, at a time his arms were moſt wanted elſewhere.

But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame Sun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſow'r:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Aſk men's Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the World goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

NOTES.

VER. 172, 173. *Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes, Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.*] The poet had hitherto reckoned up the ſeveral *ſimple* cauſes that hinder our knowledge of the natural characters of men. In theſe two fine lines he deſcribes the *complicated* cauſes. *Humours* bear the ſame relation to *Manners*, that *Principles* do to *Tenets*; that is, the former are *modes* of the latter; our *Manners* are warped from nature by our *Fortunes* or Stations; our *Tenets*, by our *Books* or Profeſſions; and then each

Search then the RULING PASSION, There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;

NOTES.

drawn ſtill more oblique, into *humour* and political *principles*, by the temperature of the *climate*, and the conſtitution of the *government*.

VER. 174. *Search then the Ruling Paſſion:*] See Eſſay on Man, Ep. ii. ℣ 133, & ſeq.

VER. 181. *the Luſt of Praiſe.*] This very well expreſſes the *groſſneſs* of his appetite for it; where the *ſtrength* of the Paſſion had deſtroyed all the *delicacy* of the Senſation.

VER. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rocheſter, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second. P.

VER. 189. *With the ſame ſpirit*] *Spirit*, for principle, not paſſion.

Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no Man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.

NOTES.

VER. 200. *A* Fool, *with more of* Wit] *Folly*, joined with much *Wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *Abſurdity*; and this Abſurdity the poet has here admirably deſcribed in the words,

Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:

by which we are made to underſtand, that the perſon deſcribed gave a looſe to his *Fancy* when he ſhould have uſed his *Judgment*; and purſued his *Speculations* when he ſhould have truſted to his *Experience*.

VER. 205. *And, harder ſtill, flagitious, yet not*

Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.

Variations.

In the former Editions, ℣ 208.

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Alter'd, as above, for very obvious reaſons.

Notes.

great.] To arrive at what the world calls *Greatneſs*, a man muſt either hide and conceal his vices, or he muſt openly and ſteddily practiſe them, in the purſuit and attainment of one important end. This unhappy Nobleman did neither.

Ver. 207. *'Twas all for fear, &c.*] To underſtand this, we muſt obſerve, that the *Luſt of general praiſe* made the perſon, whoſe Character is here ſo admirable drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious*; his *Madneſs* was to pleaſe the Fools,

Women *and* Fools *muſt like him,* or he dies.

And his *Crimes* to avoid the cenſure of the Knaves,

'Twas all for fear the Knaves *ſhould call him Fool.*

Prudence and *Honeſty* being the two qualities that Fools and Knaves are moſt intereſted, and conſequently moſt induſtrious, to miſrepreſent.

When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
  In this one Paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
  Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;

NOTES.

VER. 213. — *a noble Dame a whore,*] The ſiſter of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

VER. 227. *Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.*] Human nature is here humourouſly called *honeſt*, at the impulſe of the *ruling paſſion* (which ſhe gives and cheriſhes) makes her more and more impatient of diſguiſe.

As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.

A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;'
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)

NOTES.

VER. 231. *Laneſb'row.*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*. P.

VER. 247. — *the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke*] This ſtory, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author

"No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead--
"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red." 251

The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'am going—I could ſerve you, Sir?
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid, 256
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned.
Your money, Sir; "My money, Sir, what all?
"Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul.
The Manor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
"Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

NOTES.

had the goodneſs not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actreſs, who, in deteſtation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave theſe her laſt orders with her dying breath, P.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.

NOTES.

Of the Characters of Women.] There is nothing in Mr Pope's works more highly finiſhed than this Epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs was in no proportion to the pains he took in compoſing it. Something he chanced to drop in a ſhort Advertiſement prefixed to it, on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for the ſmall attention given to it. He ſaid, that *no one character in it was drawn from the life.* The Public believed him on his word, and expreſſed little curioſity about a Satire in which there was nothing perſonal.

N. Blakey inv. & del. J. Scott sculp.

In Men, we various ruling Passions find,
In Women, two almost divide the Kind;—
Those only fixd, they first or last obey,—
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

Char: of Women

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the Fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dress't in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, e'er she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

NOTES.

VER. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia's Countess, —Pastora by a fountain—Leda with a swan — Magdalen — Cecilia*—] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all--The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance amongst others, that, whereas in the *Characters of Men* he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. P.

VER. 20. *Catch, e'er she change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of *Fresnoy*,

formæ veneres captando fugaces.

Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:
So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting-ſun.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The Frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend:
To her Califta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.

Notes.

† Ver. 21. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch Characters as are moſt ſtrongly mark'd, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ℣ 21, &c. P.

Ver. 23. *Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,*] This thought is expreſſed with great humour in the following ſtanza:

Tho' Artemeſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things, methinks, ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe wou'd pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Ver. 29 and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*. P.

All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow;
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.

NOTES.

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*. P.

VER 52. *As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her charms conſiſted in the ſingular turn of her vivacity; conſequently the ſtronger ſhe exerted this vivacity the more forceable muſt be her attraction. But the point, where it came to exceſs, would deſtroy all the delicacy, and expoſe all the coarſeneſs of ſenſuality.

Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all Mortals, yet affect a name;
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:

NOTES.

VER. 53. IV. In the *Whimſical.* P.

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious.* P.

Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Hautgout, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critick'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at-home to eat;
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th'Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] in the MS.

In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

NOTES.

VER. 87. VI. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd*. P.

VER. 89. *Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars,—— Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!*] See Note on ℣ 90. of Ep. to Lord *Cobham*.

Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with Pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,

Notes.

Ver. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell,* but *(like her Grace)—Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no ſuch place!"*] i. e. Her who affects to laugh out of *faſhion*, and ſtrives to diſbelieve out of *fear*.

The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd except her Rage.
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence purſu'd,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than Gratitude:

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 122. in the MS.

Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death? and Equals? what a curſe!
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf thro' very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th'ungarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

VARIATIONS.

After ỳ 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part ſhould wander to the poor.

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, &c.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his Philo-

Pictures like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Cloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot"—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.

NOTES.

ſophy, which he never loſes ſight of, and which teaches, that Providence is inceſſantly turning the evils ariſing from the follies and vices of men to general good.

VER. 157. "*Yet Cloe ſure, &c.*] The purpoſe of the poet in this Character is important: It is to ſhew that the politic or prudent government of the paſſions is not enough to make a Character amiable, nor even to ſecure it from being ridiculous, if the end of that government be not purſued, which is the free exerciſe of the ſocial appetites after the ſelfiſh ones have been ſubdued; for that if, tho' reaſon govern, the heart be never conſulted, we intereſt ourſelves as little in the fortune of ſuch a Character, as in any of the foregoing, which paſſions or caprice drive up and down at random.

So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your Secret ſtill in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a *Queen*:
THE SAME FOR EVER! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.

NOTES.

VER. 181. *One certain Portrait — the ſame for ever!*—] This is intirely ironical, and conveys under it this general moral truth, that there is, in life, no ſuch thing as a perfect Character; ſo that the ſatire falls not on any particular *Character*, but on the *Character-maker* only. See Note on ℣78, 1 Dialogue 1738.

Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhow their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th'exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.

VARIATIONS.

After ỳ 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia ſpy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice, to think on Beſs.
Thus while immortal Cibber only ſings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

NOTES.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, ſervant to the late King, ſaid to be the ſon of a Turkiſh Baſſa, whom he took at the

But grant, in Public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.

NOTES.

Siege of Buda, and conſtantly kept about his perſon. P.

Ibid. Dr *Stephen Hales*, not more eſtimable for his uſeful diſcoveries as a Natural Philoſopher, than for his exemplary Life and Paſtoral Charity as a Pariſh Prieſt.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, &c.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occaſioned by the omiſſion of certain *Examples* and *Illuſtrations* to the Maxims laid down; and tho' ſome of theſe have ſince been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomedé*, *Atoſſa*, *Cloe*, and ſome verſes following, others are ſtill wanting, nor can we anſwer that theſe are exactly inſerted. P.

VER. 203. *Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;*] There is ſomething particular in the turn of this aſſertion, as making their diſguiſing in public the neceſſary effect of their being *bred to diſguiſe*; but if we conſider that female Education is an art of teaching not to *be*, but to *appear*, we ſhall have no reaſon to find fault with the exactneſs of the expreſſion.

VER. 206. *That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.*] For Women are taught Virtue ſo artificially, and Vice ſo naturally, that, in the nice exerciſe of them, they may be eaſily miſtaken for one another. SCRIB.

In Men, we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the firſt Edition,

In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.

NOTES.

VER. 207. The former part having ſhewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the *general* Characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the *ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform. P.

VER. 211. This is occaſioned partly by their *Nature*, and partly their *Education*, and in ſome degree by *Neceſſity*. P.

VER. 213. *Experience this, &c.*] The ironical apology continued: That the Second is, as it were, forced upon them by the tyranny and oppreſſion of man, in order to ſecure the firſt.

VER. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] "Some men (ſays the Poet)

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.

Pleaſures the ſex, as children Birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;

NOTES.

" take to buſineſs, ſome to " pleaſure, but every wo- " man would willingly make " *pleaſure her buſineſs:*" which being the peculiar characteriſtic of a *Rake*, we muſt needs think that he includes (in his uſe of the word here) no more of the Rake's ill qualities than are implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleaſure his buſineſs.*

VER. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex?—I. As to *Power*. P.

VER. 231. — II. As to *Pleaſure*. P.

Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their Honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
To raiſe the Thought, and touch the Heart be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;

NOTES.

VER. 249. Advice for their true Intereſt. P.

She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er anſwers till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:

Notes.

Ver. 269. The Picture of an eſtimable Woman, with the beſt kind of contrarieties, created out of the poet's imagination; who therefore feigned thoſe circumſtances of a *Huſband*, a *Daughter*, and love for a *Siſter*, to prevent her being miſtaken for any of his acquaintance. And having thus made his *Woman*, he did, as the ancient poets were wont, when they had made their *Muſe*, invoke, and addreſs his poem to, her.

Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;

NOTES.

VER. 285. &c. *Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r; And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf.*] The poet concludes his Epiſtle with a fine *Moral*, that deſerves the ſerious attention of the public: It is this, that all the extravagances of theſe *vicious* Characters here deſcribed, are much inflamed by a wrong Education, hinted at in ẏ 203; and that even the *beſt* are rather ſecured by a *good natural* than by the prudence and providence of parents; which obſervation is conveyed under the ſublime claſſical machinery of Phœbus in the aſcendant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and averting the ill effects of her parents miſtaken fondneſs: For Phœbus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius; and, as one of the aſtronomical influences, defeats the adventitious byas of education.

In concluſion, the great Moral from both theſe Epiſtles together is, that the two rareſt things in all Nature are a DISINTERESTED MAN, and a REASONABLE WOMAN.

And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your ſex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

N. Blakey inv.t & del.t. G. Scotin sculp.t

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his Store,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;—
This Year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;—
The next, a Fountain, spouting thro his Heir.—

Ep: on Riches

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MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

Allen Lord *Bathurſt.*

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Profuſion, ℣ 1, &c. *The Point diſcuſs'd, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious, or pernicious to Mankind,* ℣ 21 to 77. *That Riches, either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries,* ℣ 89 to 160. *That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe,* ℣ 113, &c. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men,* ℣ 121 to 153. *That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general Good out*

of Extremes, and brings all to it's great End by perpetual Revolutions, ℣ 161 to 178. *How a* Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable,* ℣ 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame,* ℣ 199. *The due Medium, and true uſe of Riches,* ℣ 219. *The* Man *of* Roſs, ℣ 250. *The fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death,* ℣ 300, &c. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, ℣ 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?

EPISTLE III.] This Epiſtle was written after a violent outcry againſt our Author, on a ſuppoſition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte. He juſtified himſelf upon that article, in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are theſe words: "I have learnt that there are ſome who would rather be "wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer "to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my "betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their idols, their groves, "and their high places; and change my ſubject from "their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to "their miſeries; and as the only certain way to avoid "miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply "ill-natured applications, I may probaby, in my next, "make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones." P.

VER. 1. *Who ſhall decide, &c.*] The addreſs of the *Introduction* (from ℣ 1 to 21) is remarkable: The poet repreſents himſelf and the noble Lord his friend, as in a converſation, philoſophiſing on the *final cauſe* of *Riches*; and it proceeds by way of dialogue, which moſt writers uſe to hide want of method; our Author only to ſoften and enliven the dryneſs and ſeverity of it.

You (ſays the poet)

— hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
But I, who think more highly of our kind, &c.
Opine that Nature, &c.

You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;
And Gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.

As much as to ſay, "You, my Lord, hold the ſubject we "are upon as fit only for *Satire*; I, on the contrary, "eſteem it a caſe of Philoſophy and profound *Ethics*: "But as we both agree in the main *Principle*, that *Riches* "*were not given for the reward of Virtue, but for very* "*different purpoſes* (See *Eſſay on Man*, Ep. iv.) let us "compromiſe the matter, and conſider the ſubject joint-"ly, both under your idea and mine, *i. e. Satirically* "and *Philoſophically*."—And this, in fact, we ſhall find to be the true character of this poem, which is a *Species* peculiar to itſelf, and partaking equally of the nature of his *Ethic Epiſtles* and his *Satires*, as the beſt pieces of *Lucian* aroſe from a combination of the Dialogues of *Plato*, and the Scenes of *Ariſtophanes*. This it will be neceſſary to carry with us, if we would ſee either the *Wit* or the *Reaſoning* of this Epiſtle in their true light.

Notes.

Ver. 3. *Momus giv'n*] Amongſt the earlieſt abuſes of reaſon, one of the firſt was to cavil at the ways of Providence. But as, in thoſe times, every Vice as well as Virtue, had its Patron-God, Momus came to be at the head of the old *Freethinkers*. Him, the Mythologiſts very ingeniouſly made the Son of *Sleep* and *Night*, and ſo, conſequently, half-brother to *Dulneſs*. But having been much employed, in after ages, by the *Greek* Satiriſts, he came, at laſt, to paſs for a *Wit*; and under this idea, he is to be conſidered in the place before us.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of th'Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Opine,*] A term ſacred to controverſy and high debate.

Ibid. — *that Nature, as in duty bound,*] This, though ludicrouſly, is yet exactly, expreſſed; to ſhew, that, by *Nature*, the poet meant, not the God of nature, but the inſtrument and ſubſtitute of his providence.

VER. 12. *Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,*] The rival of its Sire in its brightneſs, and in its power of drawing mankind into error and deluſion; the two firſt idols of the world, *natural* and *moral*, being the *Sun* and *Gold*.

VER. 20 JOHN WARD of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.

NOTES.

the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward; but he ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and ſon, and conceal'd all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Theſe conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to dogs and cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the ſeveral æra's of his life, At his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds*; at his commitment to Priſon, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand*; but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his reputation, as to be thought a *worſe man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand*. P.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſh'd Bruſſels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in

P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:

Notes.

a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character, very juſtly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an Inflexible Constancy,
and Inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In ſpite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of Every Human Vice;
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
His inſatiable Avarice exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs Impudence from the ſecond.

B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.

NOTES.

Nor was he more ſingular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH,
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When poſſeſs'd of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of G O D,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* eſtate in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money. P.

B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid.

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret Gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,

NOTES.

Mr WATERS, the third of theſe worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent attendance on the neceſſities of others. But this gentleman's hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly. P.

VER. 20.—*Chartres and the Devil.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and ſubterraneous treaſures are in the guard of the Devil: which ſeems to have taken its riſe from the pagan fable of Plutus the God of Riches.

VER. 33.—*and Patriots rave;*] The character of modern Patriots was, in the opinion of our poet, very equivocal; as the name was undiſtinguiſhingly beſtowed on every one in oppoſition to the court; of whoſe virtues he gives a hint in ver. 139. of this Epiſtle. Agreeably to theſe ſentiments, his predicate of them here is as equivocal,

In vain—may Patriots rave;

which they may do either in earneſt or in jeſt; and is a conduct, in the opinion of *Sempronius* in the Play, beſt fitted to hide their game.

VER 35. — *beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true ſtory, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been cloſeted by the King,

And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant ſhore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.

NOTES.

where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there. P.

VER. 42.—*fetch or carry Kings*;] In our author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had diſpoſed of Spain; France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. P.

VER. 44. *Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore*;] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720. P.

Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A Stateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 50, in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

NOTES.

VER. 63. Some Miſers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.

Variations.

Ver. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Edd.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

Notes.

aſſociation to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year. P.

Ver. 65. *Colepepper*] Sir William Colepepper,

P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
Cloaths, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!

NOTES.

Bart. a perſon of an antient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a poſt in the army which was offered him. P.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, becauſe Intereſt was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt; which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another conſiderable eſtate, which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both cloaths and all other expences. P.

VER 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle. P.

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow;
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;

Notes.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whoſe rapacity obtained him the name of *Vultur Hopkins*. He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds*, which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſſed great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be as "long in ſpending, as he "had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the will, and gave it to the heir at law. P.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears?*] Japhet Crook, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the brother of the deceaſed. By theſe means he was *worth* a great ſum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his executor. P.

Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:

Notes.

Ver. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats. P.

Ver. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, &c.*] This epiſtle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy ſufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the houſe, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whoſe uſe it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor*. That "God hates the "poor," and, "That every "man in want is knave or "fool," *&c.* were the genuine apothegms of ſome of the perſons here mentioned. P.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.

B. Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on Motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.

Notes.

Ver. 118. *To live on Ven'ſon*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds. P.

Ver. 120.—*general Exciſe.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a con-

Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.

NOTES.

ceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have ſome intimation. P.

VER. 123. *Wiſe Peter*] PETER WALTER, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and oſtentation: his Wealth was never ſeen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own ſon, for whom he procured an employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. P.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire, when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax. P.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Miſſiſſippi deſpis'd to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a viſion of the like royal nature. They ſince retired in-

But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fates buries in th'Aſturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;

Notes.

to Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of gold in the mines of the Aſturies. P.

Ver. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir John Blunt, originally a ſcrivener, was one of the firſt projectors of the South-ſea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous ſcheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffer'd moſt ſeverely by the bill of pains and penalties on the ſaid directors. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſs'd to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the miſery of party-ſpirit. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in great and noble perſons, of which he had indeed lived to ſee many miſerable examples. He died in the year 1732. P.

Ver. 137. —— *Av'rice creeping on, Spread like a low born miſt, and blot the Sun;*] The ſimilitude is ex-

" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" And Judges jobb, and Biſhops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's arms?"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?

NOTES.

tremely appoſite, implying that this vice is of baſe and mean original; hatched and nurſed up amongſt Scriveners, Stock-jobbers, and Citts; and unknown, 'till of late, to the Nobles of this land: But now, in the fulneſs of time, ſhe rears her head, and aſpires to cover the moſt illuſtrious ſtations in her dark and peſtilential ſhade. The Sun, and other luminaries of Heaven, ſignifying, in the high eaſtern ſtyle, the Grandees and Nobles of the earth.

" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion
" ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe.
Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th'eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.

Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the Rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and Faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th'unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With ſoups unbought,*]
— dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. VIRG. P.

(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The Woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.

NOTES.

VER. 199. (*For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need, But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.*)] The poet is here ſpeaking only of the knowledge gained by *experience*. Now there are ſo many miſerable examples of ill conduct, that no one, with his eyes open, can be at a loſs to know *what to ſhun*; but, *very* inviting examples of a good conduct are extremely rare: Beſides, the miſchiefs of folly are eminent and obvious; but the fruits of prudence, remote and retired from common obſervation; and if ſeen at all, yet their dependance on their cauſes not being direct and immediate, they are not eaſily underſtood.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.
The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

NOTES.

VER. 219, 220. *The* Senſe *to value Riches, with the* Art, *T'enjoy them, and the* Virtue *to impart.*] *The Senſe to value Riches,* is not, in the City-meaning, *the Senſe in valuing them:* For as *Riches* may be *enjoyed* without *Art*, and *imparted* with *Virtue*, ſo they may be *valued* without *Senſe*. That man therefore only ſhews he has the *ſenſe to value Riches*, who keeps what he has acquired, in order to enjoy one part of it innocently and elegantly, in ſuch meaſure and degree as his ſtation may juſtify, which the poet calls the *Art of enjoy-*

Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th'extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 226. in the MS.

That ſecret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find;
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit.

NOTES.

ing; and to impart the remainder amongſt objects of *worth, or want well weigh'd*; which is, indeed, the *Virtue of imparting*.

VER. 231, 232. (*Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race, Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.*] i. e. Such of the Rich

Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As Poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well-diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies.

P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Your's or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th'oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And Honour linger e'er it leaves the land.

NOTES.

whoſe full meaſure overflows on human race, repair the wrongs of Fortune done to the indigent; and, at the ſame time, juſtify the favours ſhe had beſtowed upon themſelves.

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The ſon of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the moſt noble Libraries in Europe. P.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of ROSS," each liſping babe replies.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
Who ſings not him, oh may he ſing no more!

NOTES.

VER. 250. *The* MAN *of* ROSS:] The perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true name was almoſt loſt, (partly by the title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an inſcription) was called Mr John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Roſs in Herefordſhire. P.

Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance; enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

NOTES.

VER. 281. *Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze! &c.*] In this ſublime apoſtrophe, they are not bid to *bluſh* becauſe *outſtript* in virtue, for no ſuch contention is ſuppoſed: but for being *out-*

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.

Variations.

Ver. 287. thus in the MS.

The Regiſter inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then ſtole to reſt, unheeded and unſeen.

Notes.

ſhined in their own proper pretenſions to Splendour and Magnificence. Scribl.

Ver. 287. *Go, ſearch it there,*] The Pariſh-regiſter.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs on buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in the tombs at Weſtminſter and elſewhere. P.

Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King.

NOTES.

VER. 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been poſſeſs'd of about 50,000 *l.* a year, and paſſed thro' many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery. P.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. P.

VER. 308. *Shrewſbury*] The Counteſs of Shrewſbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her huſband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been ſaid, that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſes in the habit of a page. P.

No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.

His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?

NOTES.

VER. 313. *There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends, And fame*—] The term implies the difficulty he had to get the better of all theſe incumbrances. And it is true, as his hiſtory informs us, he had the impediment of good parts, which, from time to time, a little hindered and retarded his *Victories*.

VER. 319. *Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe, Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?*] The poet did well in appealing to *Reaſon*, from the parties concerned; who, it is likely, had made but a very ſorry deciſion. The *abhorrence* of an empty purſe would have certainly perverted the judgment of *Want with a full one*: And the *longings* for a full one, would probably have as much miſled *Want with an empty one*. Whereas Reaſon *reſolves* this matter in a trice. There being a poſſibility that *Want with an empty purſe* may be relieved; but none, that *Want with a full purſe* ever can.

Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale——B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. in the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

NOTES.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an

There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.

Notes.

inſcription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papiſts. P.

Ver. 355. *Corniſh*] The author has placed the ſcene of theſe ſhipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coaſt, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to thoſe to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ſhip happens to be ſtranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent it's getting off; to plunder, and ſometimes even to maſſacre the people: Nor has the

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes;
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;

NOTES.

Parliament of England been yet able wholly to ſuppreſs theſe barbarities. P.

VER. 360. *And lo! &c.*] The poet had obſerv'd above, that when the luxurioufly-ſelfiſh had got more than they knew how to uſe, they would try to do *more than live*; inſtead of imparting the leaſt pittance of it to thoſe whom fortune had reduced to do *leſs than live*: The VANITY of which chimerical project he well expoſed in theſe lines;

What Riches give us let us then enquire.
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. What more? Meat, Cloaths, and Fire.

But here, in one who had not yet learnt the art of diſguiſing the Poverty of Wealth by the Refinements of Luxury, he ſhews, with admirable humour, the ridicule of that project:

And lo! two Puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.

" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am ſo clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.

In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 394. *And one more Penſioner St Stephen gains.*]
—atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ*. JUV.

NOTES.

VER. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the prize,*] This is to be underſtood in a very ſober and decent ſenſe; as a ſatire only on ſuch miniſters of ſtate, which hiſtory informs us have been found, who aided the devil in his temptations, in order to foment, if not to make, plots, for the ſake of confiſcations; and by no means on the *laws of forfeitures* themſelves: Whoſe neceſſity, equity, and even lenity, have been perfectly well vindicated, in that very learned and elegant diſcourſe, intituled, *Some Conſiderations on the Law of Forfeitures for High-Treaſon.* Third Edition, Lond. 1748.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

Richard Boyle, Earl of *Burlington*.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

The Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, ℣ 13. *That the firſt principle and foundation, in this as in every thing elſe, is* Good Senſe, ℣ 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all muſt be adapted to the* Genius *and* Uſe *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it,* ℣ 50. *How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe* long, *if* at all; *and the beſt* Examples

and Rules *will but be perverted into ſomething* burdenſome *or ridiculous*, ℣ 65, &c. to 92. *A deſcription of the* falſe Taſte *of* Magnificence; *the firſt grand Error of which is to imagine that* Greatneſs *conſiſts in the* Size *and* Dimenſion, *inſtead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, ℣ 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely reſembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* ſame *too frequently*, ℣ 105, &c. *A word or two of falſe Taſte in* Books, *in* Muſic, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and laſtly in* Entertainments, ℣ 133, &c. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind*, ℣ 169 [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceding this*, ℣ 159, &c.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great Men, ℣ 177, &c. *and finally, the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, ℣ 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'Tis ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.

EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion* being treated of in the foregoing Epiſtle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, juſt as the Epiſtle on the *Characters of Women* is to that *of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.*

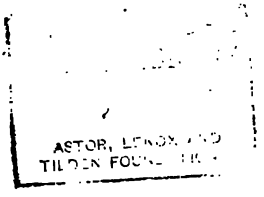
NOTES.

VER. 7. *Topham*] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings. P.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt collection in Eu-

N. Blakey inv. et del. Ravenet Sculp.

What brought S.r Visto's ill-got Wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, Visto! have a Taste.
Epis: on Taste


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUN

Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:

NOTES.

rope of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity. P.

VER. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.*] By the Author's manner of putting together theſe two different Utenſils of *falſe Magnificence*, it appears, that, properly ſpeaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real object of *modern taſte*, but the *Finery* only: And whoever wears it, whether the Wife or the Whore, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought to deſerve it beſt, as appears from her having moſt of it; and ſo indeed becomes, by accident, the more faſhionable Thing of the two. SCRIBL.

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a firſt Miniſter, who raiſed him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after ſome wretched proofs of his inſufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of works. P.

VER. 19. *See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride.*] Pride is one of the greateſt miſchiefs, as well as abſurdities of our nature;

A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;

VARIATIONS.

After ℣ 22, in the MS.

Muſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Stateſmen, have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Goſpel, Gibbs the Law?

NOTES.

and therefore, as appears both from prophane and ſacred Hiſtory, has ever been the more peculiar object of divine vengeance. But *awkward Pride* intimates ſuch abilities in its owner, as eaſes us of the apprehenſion of much *miſchief* from it; ſo that the poet ſuppoſes ſuch a one ſecure from the ſerious reſentment of Heaven, though it may permit *fate* or *fortune* to bring him into the public contempt and ridicule, which his native badneſs of heart ſo well deſerves.

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. P.

VER. 28. *And of one beauty many blunders make;*] Becauſe the road to *Taſte*,

Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:

Notes.

like that to Truth, is but *one*; and thoſe to Error and Abſurdity a *thouſand*.

Ver. 30. *Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;*] This abſurdity ſeems to have ariſen from an injudicious imitation of what theſe Builders might have heard of, at the entrance of the antient Gardens of Rome: But they don't conſider, that thoſe were *public Gardens*, given to the people by ſome great man after a triumph; to which, therefore, *Arcs* of this kind were very ſuitable ornaments.

A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Notes.

Ver. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the deſigner of the beſt Gardens of France. P.

Ver. 53. *Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,*] For when the ſame beauty obtrudes itſelf upon you over and over; when it meets you full at whatever place you ſtop, or to whatever point you turn, then Nature loſes her proper charms of a *modeſt fair*; and you begin to hate and nauſeate her as a proſtitute.

Ver. 54. *Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.*] If the poet was right in comparing the true dreſs of *Nature* to that of a *modeſt fair*, it is a plain conſequence, that one half of the deſigner's art muſt be, *decently to hide*; as the other half is, *gracefully to diſcover*.

Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th'ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks or now directs, th'intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,*] *i. e.* ſhall not be *forced*, but *go of themſelves*; as if both the parts and whole were not of *yours*, but of *Nature's* making. The metaphor is taken from a piece of mechaniſm finiſhed by ſome great maſter, where all the parts are ſo previouſly fitted, as to be eaſily put together by any ordinary workman: and each part ſlides into its place, as it were thro' a groove ready made for that purpoſe.

VER. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire. P.

VER. 72. *And Nero's*

The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr Clarke.

Notes.

Terraces deſert their walls:] The expreſſion is very ſignificant. Had the *Walls* been ſaid to *deſert* the *Terraces*, this would have given us the image of a deſtruction, effected by time only; which had been foreign to the poet's intention; who is here ſpeaking of the puniſhment of *unſupported Taſte*, in the deſigned ſubverſion of it, either by *good* or *bad*, as it happens; one of which is ſure to do its buſineſs, and that ſoon; therefore it is with great propriety he ſays, that the *Terraces deſert their walls*, which implies purpoſe and violence in their ſubverſion.

Ver. 74. *Lo!* Cobham *comes, and floats them with a Lake:*] An high compliment to the noble perſon on whom it is beſtowed, as making him the *ſubſtitute of Good Senſe*. — This office, in the original plan of the poem, was given to another Man of Taste; who not having the Sense to ſee a compliment was intended him, convinced the poet it did not belong to him.

Ver. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.*] This was done in Hertfordſhire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods. P.

Ver. 78.—*ſet Dr Clarke.*]

Behold Villario's ten-years toil compleat;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;

NOTES.

Dr S. Clarke's buſto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr duely frequented the Court. P.

VER. 84. *Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,*] *i. e.* The ſeveral colours of the grove in bloom, give ſeveral different tints to the lights and ſhades.

VER. 94. *Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;*] Finely intimating, by this ſublime claſſical image, that

One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"

NOTES.

the Father's taſte was *enthuſiaſtical*; in which paſſion there is always ſomething great and noble; tho' it be too apt, in its flights, to leave *ſenſe* behind it: and this was the good man's caſe. But his Son's was a poor deſpicable *ſuperſtition*, a low ſombrous paſſion, whoſe perverſity of Taſte could only gratify itſelf

With all the mournful family of Yews.

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd Carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.

VER. 96.—*mournful family of Yews*;] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion. P.

VER. 99. *At Timon's Villa*] This deſcription is intended to comprize the principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but Good Senſe can attain it. P.

So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;

NOTES.

VER. 104.—*all Brobdignag*] A region of giants in the ſatires of *Gulliver*.

VER. 109. *Lo! what huge heaps of littleneſs around,*] *Grandeur* in building, as in the human frame, takes not its denomination from the *body*, but the *ſoul* of the work: when the ſoul therefore is loſt or incumber'd in its invelope, the unanimated parts, how *huge* ſoever, are not members of grandeur, but mere *heaps of littleneſs*.

Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:

NOTES.

VER. 117, 118. *Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother, And half the platform juſt reflects the other.*] This is exactly the *two puddings* of the citizen in the foregoing fable, only ſerved up a little more magnificently: But both on the ſame abſurd principle of wrong taſte, viz. that one can never have too much of a good thing.

Ibid. *Grove nods at grove, &c.*] The exquiſite humour of this expreſſion ariſes ſolely from its ſignificancy. Theſe *groves*, that have no meaning, but very near relation-ſhip, can expreſs themſelves only like twin-ideots by *nods*; which juſt ſerve to let us underſtand, that they know one another, as having been nurſed, and brought up by one common parent.

VER. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*. P.

But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated Backs he turns you round:
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Suëil has bound.
Lo ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.

NOTES.

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of houſe with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient. P.

VER. 133. *His Study! &c.*] The falſe Taſte in Books; a ſatire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do. P.

And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

Notes.

Ver. 142. *That ſummons you to all the* Pride *of Pray'r:*] This abſurdity is very happily expreſſed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the firſt we ſhould leave behind us when we approach the ſacred altar. But he who could take Meanneſs for Magnificence, might eaſily miſtake *Humility* for *Meanneſs*.

Ver. 143. The falſe Taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubjects, as of light airs in churches, often practiſed by the organiſts, *&c.* P.

Ver. 145. —— And in *Painting* (from wh ch even Italy is not free) (naked figures in Churches, *&c.* which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters. P.

Ver. 146. *Where* ſprawl *the Saints of Verrio, or Laguerre.*] The fine image here given in a ſingle word, admirably expoſes the unnatural poſition of the picture, and the too natural poſtures of its female figures.

Ibid. *Verrio or Laguerre.*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windſor, Hampton-court, &c and Laguerre at Blenheim-caſtle, and other places. P.

To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the ſinner with puniſhment in "a place "which he thought it not "decent to name in ſo po-"lite an aſſembly." P.

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (tho' ſometimes practiſed by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the ſhocking images of ſerpents, &c. are introduced in Grotto's or Buffets. P.

VER. 155, *Is this a dinner? &c.*] The proud Feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where pride deſtroys the eaſe, and formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment. P.

VER. 156 —*a Hecatomb*] Alluding to the *hundred footſteps* before.

VER. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii. P.

Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.

NOTES.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book i. Epiſt. II. ℣ 230—7, and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ℣ 161, &c. P.

'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe:
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil
Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

NOTES.

VER. 179, 180. *'Tis Uſe alone that* ſanctifies *Expence, And Splendor borrows all her rays from ſenſe.*] Here the poet, to make the *examples* of *good Taſte* the better underſtood, introduces them with a ſummary of his *Precepts* in theſe two ſublime lines: for, the conſulting *Uſe* is *beginning with Senſe*; and the making *Splendor* or *Taſte borrow all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Senſe*, after ſhe has led us up to *Taſte*. The art of this can never be ſufficiently admired. But the Expreſſion is equal to the Thought. This *ſanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of ſomething conſecrated and ſet apart for ſacred uſes; and indeed, it is the idea under which it may be properly conſidered: For wealth employed according to the *intention* of Providence, is its true conſecration; and the real uſes of humanity were certainly *firſt* in its *intention*.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;

Notes.

Ver. 195, 197, *&c.* *'Till Kings — Bid Harbours open, &c*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to thoſe great and publick works which become a prince. This Poem was publiſhed in the year 1732, when ſome of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is ſatirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Hor. Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, *&c.* Dagenham breach had done very great miſchiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly paſſable; and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobbs for private lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the entrances of London itſelf: The propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petition'd againſt and rejected; but in two years after the publica-

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

NOTES.

tion of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge paſs'd thro' both houſes. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in theſe lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile.

See the notes on that place. P.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

TO

Mr *ADDISON*.

Occaſion'd by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!

NOTES.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of medals; it was ſome time before he was Secretary of State; but not publiſhed till Mr Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verſes on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P.

EPIST. V.] As the third Epiſtle treated of the ex-

Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!

NOTES.

tremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; ſo this treats of one circumſtance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with ſlaves the groaning Martyr toil'd*] The inattentive reader might wonder how this circumſtance came to find a place here. But let him compare it with ℣ 13, 14, and he will ſee the Reaſon,

Barbarian *blindneſs*, Chriſtian *zeal conſpire*,
And Papal *piety*, *and* Gothic *fire*.

For the *Slaves* mentioned above were of the ſame nation with the *Barbarians* here: and the *Chriſtians* here, the Succeſſors of the *Martyrs* there: Providence ordaining, that *theſe* ſhould ruin what *theſe* were ſo injuriouſly employed in rearing: for the poet never loſeth ſight of his great principle.

VER. 9. *Fanes, which admiring Gods with* pride

Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!

Notes.

ſurvey,] Theſe Gods were the then Tyrants of Rome, to whom the Empire raiſed Temples. The epithet, *admiring*, conveys a ſtrong ridicule; that paſſion, in the opinion of Philoſophy, always conveying the ideas of ignorance and miſery:

Nil admirari prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.

Admiration implying our ignorance of other things; *pride*, our ignorance of ourſelves.

Ver. 18. *And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.*] A fine inſinuation of the entire want of Taſte in Antiquaries; whoſe ignorance of Characters miſleads them, (ſupported only by a name) againſt Reaſon and Hiſtory.

Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judæa weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.

NOTES.

VER. 25. *A narrow* Orb *each crowded* Conqueſt *keeps,*] A ridicule on the pompous title of *Orbis Romanus*, which the Romans gave to their empire.

VER. 27. —— *the proud Arch*] i. e. The triumphal Arch, which was generally an enormous maſs of building.

VER. 35. *With* ſharpen'd ſight *pale Antiquaries pore,*] *Microſcopic glaſſes*, invented by philoſophers to diſcover the beauties in the minuter works of nature, ridiculouſly applied by Antiquaries, to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals.

This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;

Notes.

Ver. 37. *This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,*] i. e. This a collector of ſilver; That, of braſs coins.

Ver. 41. *Poor Vadius*] See his hiſtory, and that of his Shield, in the *Memoirs of Scribblerus.*

Ver. 49. *Nor bluſh, theſe Studies thy regard engage;*] A ſenſeleſs affectation which ſome writers of eminence have betrayed; who when fortune, or their talents, have raiſed them to a condition to do without thoſe arts, for which only they gained our eſteem, have pretended to think letters below their Character. This falſe ſhame M. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, expoſed in his

The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;

NOTES.

account of Mr Congreve: "He had one Defect, which "was, his entertaining too "mean an Idea of his firſt "Profeſſion, (that of a Wri-"ter) tho' 'twas to this he "ow'd his Fame and For-"tune. He ſpoke of his "Works as of Trifles that "were beneath him; and "hinted to me in our "firſt Converſation, that I "ſhould viſit him upon no "other Foot than that of "a Gentleman, who led a "Life of plainneſs and ſim-"plicity. I anſwer'd, that, "had he been ſo unfortu-"nate as to be a mere Gen-"tleman, I ſhould never "have come to ſee him; "and I was very much "diſguſted at ſo unſeaſon-"able a piece of vanity. *Letters concerning the Engliſh Nation*, xix.

VER. 53. *Oh when ſhall Britain, &c.*] A compliment to one of Mr Addiſon's papers in the Spectator on this ſubject.

Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd."

NOTES.

VER. 67. "*Stateſman, yet friend to truth, &c.*] It ſhould be remembered that this poem was written to be printed before Mr Addiſon's *Diſcourſe on Medals*, in which there is the following cenſure of long legends upon coins: "The "firſt fault I find with a "modern legend is its diſ- "fuſiveneſs. You have "ſometimes the whole ſide "of a medal over-run with "it. One would fancy the "Author had a Deſign of "being Ciceronian——but "it is not only the tedi- "ouſneſs of theſe inſcrip- "tions that I find fault "with; ſuppoſing them of "a moderate length, why "muſt they be in verſe? "We ſhould be ſurprized "to ſee the title of a ſe- "rious book in rhime."—Dial. iii.

NOTES.

VER. ult. *And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in ſo different ſpheres as were thoſe of Mr Craggs and Mr Pope, ſhould have their friendſhip diſturbed by Envy. We muſt ſuppoſe then that ſome circumſtances in the friendſhip of Mr Pope and Mr Addiſon are hinted at in this place.

FINIS.

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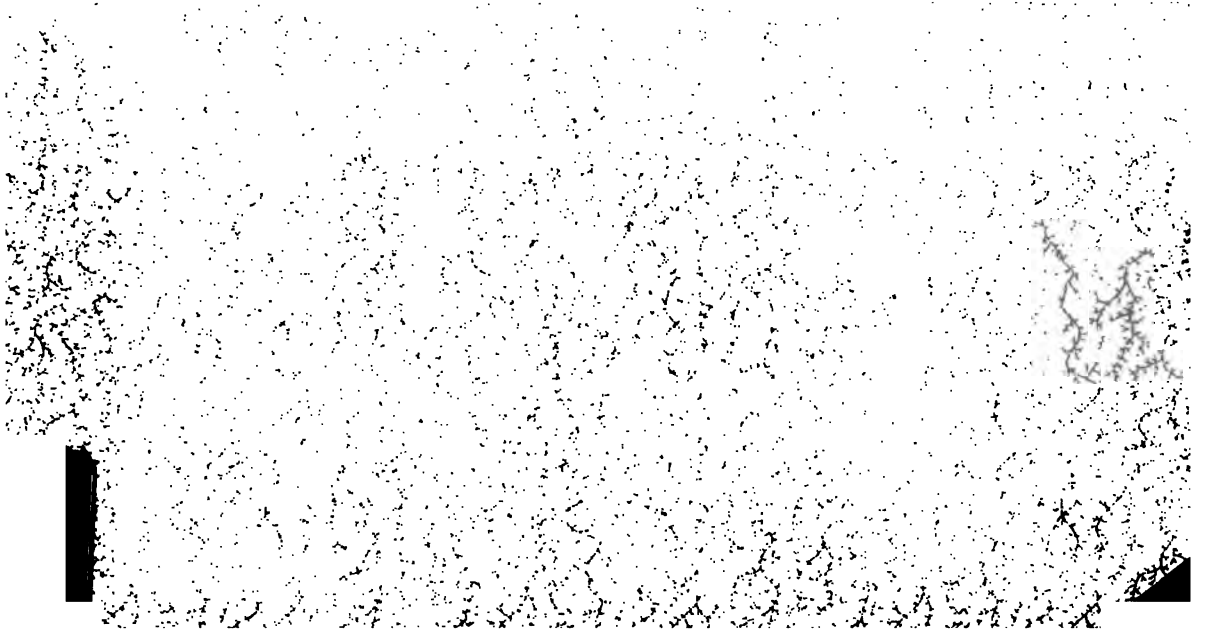
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